MOTHER GOOSE

Snap!
Crackle!
Pop!
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES

MOTHER GOOSE

as told by

Kellogg's SINGING LADY

with Pictures by

VERNON GRANT

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Battle Creek, Mich.

-and then we'll come to the Land of Dreams.

Tommy Tucker's Birthday

Once upon a time, Little Tommy Tucker woke up especially early because it was his birthday and he was eight years old. My but he felt big! He was excited too. All the whole year long he'd been wishing for a little banjo, one small enough for him to play on all by himself, and he wondered if he was going to get it.

"Mother," he called, "Mother, I'm eight years old. Just think of it!"

"Well, happy birthday, Tommy," said his Mother, "so you are. I hadn't forgotten dear. I wanted so much to buy you a nice present, but pennies are very scarce . . . you know that, don't you dear?"

"Course, Mother," said Tommy, trying hard not to show the least bit that he was disappointed. "I don't want a present anyhow."

"But you shall have a party, just the same," said Tommy's mother. "See, I've baked the biggest cake our oven would hold and I froze some raspberry ice-cream, and you're to ask Bo Peep, Little Miss Muffett, Little Jack Horner and Simple Simon. We're going to have a real party this afternoon."

"Oh, thank you Mother," said Tommy, "that'll be great. I'll go right now, so they can all be sure to come." And off ran Tommy, a little cheered up.

"When the fair comes to the village," thought Tommy to himself, "I'll sing there and earn some pennies—like this, I'll sing:

"Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper . . .

"Then," Tommy went on, "and then when I sing and earn enough pennies I can buy all sorts of things. I'll get new dresses for my Mother, and maybe buy myself a banjo." Tommy was so excited he was talking out loud without even knowing. And then, all of a sudden, he heard a voice!

"A banjo," said some one, "what do you want with a banjo?"

Tommy looked up quickly and there was Simple Simon walking along beside him.

"Oh, hello Simon," Tommy said, "you ought to know. You like to sing as well as anybody. Think how much more fun it would be if you had a banjo."

"Say, that would be fun, wouldn't it," said Simon. "I never would have thought of that. But I guess they cost a lot of money."

VERNON GRANT
Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper

"Well," said Tommy, "I don't know. Not an awful lot maybe, but too much for us to spend at our house."

"Oh, Simon," said Tommy, "I almost forgot, I'm having a birthday party this afternoon and I was going to invite you and a lot of other people to come to it. Will you?"

"Sure," said Simon, "I'd like to." And he ran off, grinning—while Tommy tried to make up his song. Like this:

"Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper;
What shall I sing? White bread and butter."

Just as he finished that much of his song Tommy bumped into Little Bo Peep.

"Oh," said Tommy, "excuse me. I was just coming over to see you. My Mother and I are having a party this afternoon and we want you to come."

"Oooooooooh," said Bo Peep, "I'd love to." And off she ran, happy as could be.

"Now let's see," said Tommy as he went on, "white bread and butter—that rhymed—now for the next part—oh—yes, like this:

"Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper;
What shall I sing? White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry without e'er a wife?

"There—that's a whole song," thought Tommy to himself. "I don't care if I haven't any banjo—much—it's fun singing anyhow."

And with that Tommy hurried up to ask all the other friends to his birthday party and then he ran home to help his Mother for soon the children would all be coming. Sure enough, no sooner were Tommy and his Mother ready than everyone came running to Tommy's front gate, singing "Happy birthday, Tommy." That is, everyone was there but Simple Simon.

"Hello, everybody," cried Tommy, "where's Simple Simon?"

And just then in walked Simple Simon with a big package under his arm and a broad smile on his face. "Happy birthday, Tommy Tucker," he said, "this is for you from my Daddy and everybody here and me."

"Oh, thank you," said Tommy. Then he carefully unwrapped the big package and there was—what do you think—a beautiful little banjo—just the right size for Tommy to play on. Tommy was so happy he could hardly talk.

All he could do was just play the banjo and sing his new song:

"Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper;
What shall I sing? White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it, without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry, without e'er a wife?"

And that is the story of Little Tommy Tucker's birthday.

Jack Spratt would eat no fat –

– his wife would eat no lean.

JACK SPRATT

Once upon a time, in the long ago days, there was a very serious shortage of food in Mother Goose land. Crops had all been very poor and there was hardly enough food for everybody to eat.

But Mother Goose, as we all know, was a very wise person. She decided something must be done right away, and this is what she did. She ordered every single person in Mother Goose land to buy only what he absolutely needed to eat, and to eat every single scrap of food! Then when she had done this, Mother Goose called a great meeting of everybody in the land and made a speech like this—

"My people—we must obey the new law. If anyone disobeys—if anyone is found to be wasting one scrap of food—he will be put down into the dungeons and fed on bread and water until the food shortage is over."

Now as the people turned away to go back to their homes there was a long, lean, lanky fellow who took off his glasses to wipe a tear out of his eye. He couldn't see very well and first thing you know he bumped into a fat, roly-poly, jolly looking young woman. Only she didn't seem so jolly right now.

"Oh, I beg your pardon—Oh, hello, Sally Plump," stammered the tooth-pick man.

"Hello, Mr. Jack Spratt," said Sally Plump. "You don't look very happy."

"And I'm not happy either, Sally Plump. What do *you* think of the new law?"

"Oh, it's awful," moaned poor Sally Plump. "I don't know what to do. I just can't eat lean meat. All I like is the fat—and I'm afraid if I leave any lean meat on my plate, Mother Goose will put me in the dungeon."

"And I," said Jack Spratt, "I can't eat any fat—and I'm afraid if I don't she'll put me in the dungeon too!"

Just then a mischievous little boy ran by singing:

"*Jack Spratt can eat no fat*
He'll be put in the dungeon for that."

And a little girl with long pig-tails ran after him, teasing:

"Sally Plump, so fat and sweet
Has to go to jail or eat lean meat."

"Dear, oh dear," cried Sally and Jack together, "what'll we do . . . what'll we do . . . ?" And just then the Wise Old Owl woke up and said:

"Jack Spratt, you can't eat fat
And Sally can't eat lean
But if you two got married now
You could lick the platter clean!"

"That's a great idea, Sally," said Jack. "I've always liked you a lot!" And Sally blushed and agreed to get married right away at Mother Goose's house.

And ever after, when they sat down to eat—there was never the tiniest scrap of food left over—because

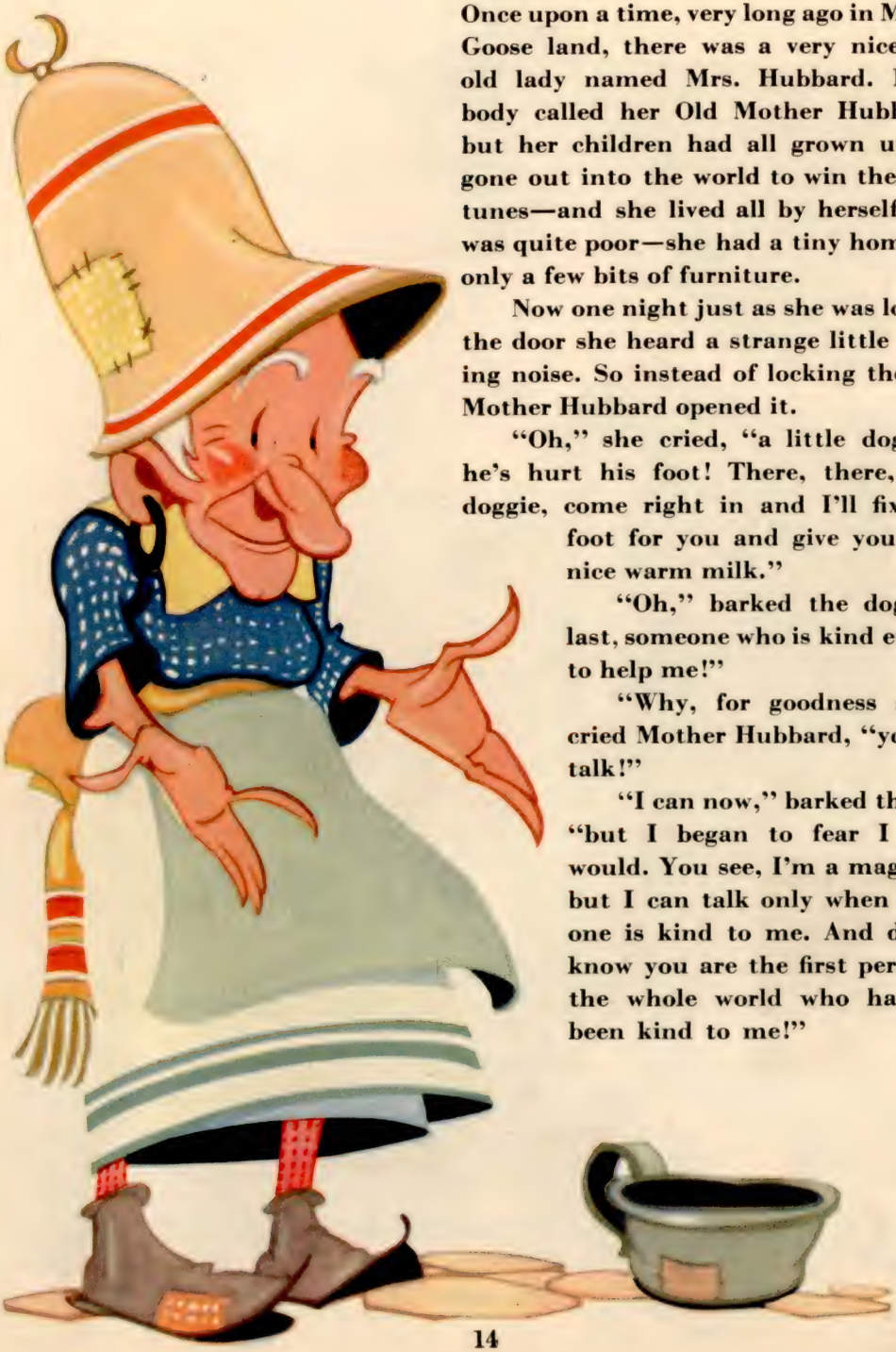
Jack Spratt could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
And so betwixt them both you see
They licked the platter clean.

So, of course, they lived happily ever after. And that is the story of Jack Spratt and his funny song.

Rain ~ Rain ~ Go A~way

Jack, be nimble, Jack, be quick
And, Jack, jump over the candlestick.

OLD MOTHER



Once upon a time, very long ago in Mother Goose land, there was a very nice kind old lady named Mrs. Hubbard. Everybody called her Old Mother Hubbard—but her children had all grown up and gone out into the world to win their fortunes—and she lived all by herself. She was quite poor—she had a tiny home and only a few bits of furniture.

Now one night just as she was locking the door she heard a strange little whining noise. So instead of locking the door Mother Hubbard opened it.

"Oh," she cried, "a little dog, and he's hurt his foot! There, there, little doggie, come right in and I'll fix your foot for you and give you some nice warm milk."

"Oh," barked the dog, "at last, someone who is kind enough to help me!"

"Why, for goodness sake," cried Mother Hubbard, "you can talk!"

"I can now," barked the dog, "but I began to fear I never would. You see, I'm a magic dog but I can talk only when someone is kind to me. And do you know you are the first person in the whole world who has ever been kind to me!"

HUBBARD

"Well, bless your heart," said Mother Hubbard. Then she bandaged doggie's hurt foot and fed him until his tummy swelled up like a balloon, it was so full of warm milk. "There now," she said, "you're all fixed, now tell me your name and where you came from."

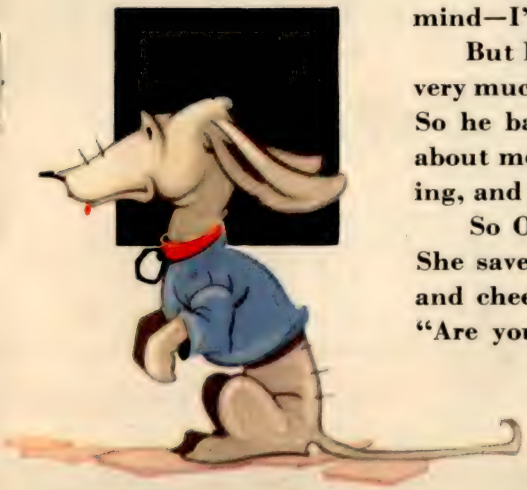
"Well," said the dog, "I'll sing you a little song that will tell you everything." And here's the song he sang:

"*My name is Rover, and I came from Dover,*
And that is quite far away;
I was hungry and sick, and beaten with sticks
But here with you I'll stay."

"My, my," said Mother Hubbard, "you *have* had a hard time! But from now on I shall take care of you and you'll be company for me in my lonely house."

So Old Mother Hubbard and her dog Rover grew to be great friends. He was playful and happy and this was a good thing, too, because poor Old Mother Hubbard became poorer and poorer and needed all the cheering and happiness she could get. Finally things became so bad that Mother Hubbard had very little money and only the tiniest bit of food left in the house. Remember that song?

"*Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard*
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."



"Dear me, Rover," said Old Mother Hubbard. "I'm afraid there's nothing for you to eat. But never you mind—I'll get you a good bone today."

But Rover knew that Old Mother Hubbard hadn't very much money and that she needed food for herself. So he barked and said, "Goodness no! Don't worry about me! I found a big bone in the street this morning, and I'm not a bit hungry."

So Old Mother Hubbard didn't buy him a bone. She saved her few remaining pennies and ate bread and cheese herself. But every day she asked Rover—"Are you hungry, Rover? Shall I take some money and buy you a bone?"

And Rover would always say, "No, Mother Hubbard, I'm not hungry, I'm getting along splendidly."

Kellogg's Supper Song

Words by C. L. JORDAN

Music by J. C. ELLINGTON

Lit - tle Boy Blue, come blow your horn, Call all the fun-ny folks out of the corn.
Lit - tle Boy Blue, put your horn a - way, We've come to the end of an - oth - er day.
Lit - tle Miss Muf - fet, Old Dog Tray, Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner— what do you say?
Tell Jack and Jill and Old Pus-sy Cat, Lit - tle Miss Muf - fet— Old Jack Sprat.
Leave your toys and sing a - while, Then to sup - per, My! how you'll smile!
Now good night, it's time to eat Kel - logg's Corn Flakes! My! what a treat!
Kel-logg's Corn Flakes in a big bowl, We'll all be mer-ry as Old King Cole!
Then we'll fly thru the soft moon-beams, Un - til we come to the land of dreams!
Ritardo

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VERNON GRANT

But, of course, he *wasn't* getting along splendidly. He was getting hungrier and hungrier and weaker and weaker all the time. And, finally, he just lay in the middle of the floor and looked at Mother Hubbard sadly.

"What's the matter, Rover?"

Rover tried to speak but he was so weak he couldn't talk any more. He just howled dismally—like this—"How-ooh! How-oooh!"

"Goodness gracious!" said Old Mother Hubbard. "What is the matter with you, Rover? Aren't you happy here with me? Maybe—maybe you'd like some nice new clothes, would you? I've got some pennies left you know—" And with that Mother Hubbard put on her bonnet and

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat
But when she came back he was feeding a cat.

"Oh dear," thought Mother Hubbard. "How strange for Rover to feed the cat grass and water." And Rover wasn't the least bit interested in the cute funny new straw hat she had brought for him—so

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
But when she came back he was dancing a jig.

But when Rover saw the wig that Mother Hubbard thought he'd have such fun playing with and tearing up, Rover just sniffed at it and kept on dancing a jig—just like he was out of his head or something.

"Oh I must find something to amuse and quiet him," sighed Mother Hubbard, and off she went again:

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
But when she came back he was riding the goat.

"Rover," cried out Mother Hubbard, "Rover, stop acting so strangely and come over here to me. Please tell me what's wrong. You have a fever—you must be quiet." But poor Rover couldn't speak and he couldn't stop. He kept on running around and barking.

"Ah me," sighed Mother Hubbard. "I must cook some broth. Perhaps he might like that, although I'm sure he finds better food than my poor scraps in the village streets." But when that nice smelling broth began to get good and hot Rover quieted down and sat beside the stove with his tongue hanging out and his eyes sparkling.

"Oh," cried Mother Hubbard. "My poor dog was starving. That's why he's so sick. That's why he can't talk. Rover, why didn't you tell me?" But Rover only wagged his tail rather weakly and watched that broth cooking. Then, he was so hungry

he got excited and jumped up to put his paw in the dish—when bing—tumble-boom! The good hot broth spilled all on the ground.

"Oh dear, oh dear, that's all the food we have," sighed Mother Hubbard. . . . "Now what in the world are we to do?" But Rover thought that since the soup had disappeared into the ground it must be there some place, so he dug and dug and dug with his sharp paws until suddenly he struck something hard.

"Aha," he thought to himself. "A bone at last," and then he began to bark. Well, when Mother Hubbard came to see that bone, what do you suppose she saw?

No, not a bone—it was a treasure chest! And it was so old when Mother Hubbard picked it up the bottom fell out and there was a shower of coins—almost as many as the old King counted in the land of Sixpence.

Well, without waiting one minute Mother Hubbard ran to the bakery, and then the butcher's, where she bought everything a little dog could possibly want to eat. And then after a warm delicious supper in that poor empty tummy of his, Rover was quite like himself again and talked and sang for happiness:

"*Old Mother Hubbard*
Had naught in the cupboard
And nary a penny to spare—
But a treasure was found
By her dog in the ground—
And they never again had a care!"

So they both lived happily ever after. And that is the story of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog Rover.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Stole a pig and away he run

SIMPLE SIMON

ONCE upon a time, oh, maybe five hundred years ago, over in England there was a wonderful fair in the little village of Hampshire. Hampshire wasn't a very large town and everybody knew each other—and one boy especially. That boy was named Simon. He had the funniest ideas. So do you know what? People called him Simple Simon! Well, they did. Simon didn't care much though, because he never thought very much about what the people really meant.

Of course when the fair came to Hampshire, Simon wanted to go just as much as anyone else, so he woke up bright and early one morning and did all the errands he could think of for his Mother, and then he smiled at her with his nicest smile.

"Now, Mother," he said, "may I go to the fair?"

"Yes, Simon," said his Mother, "you've been a very good boy this morning and you may."

"Well," said Simon, "may I have a penny to spend there?"

"I'm sorry, Simon," said his Mother, "but there is not a penny in the house today."

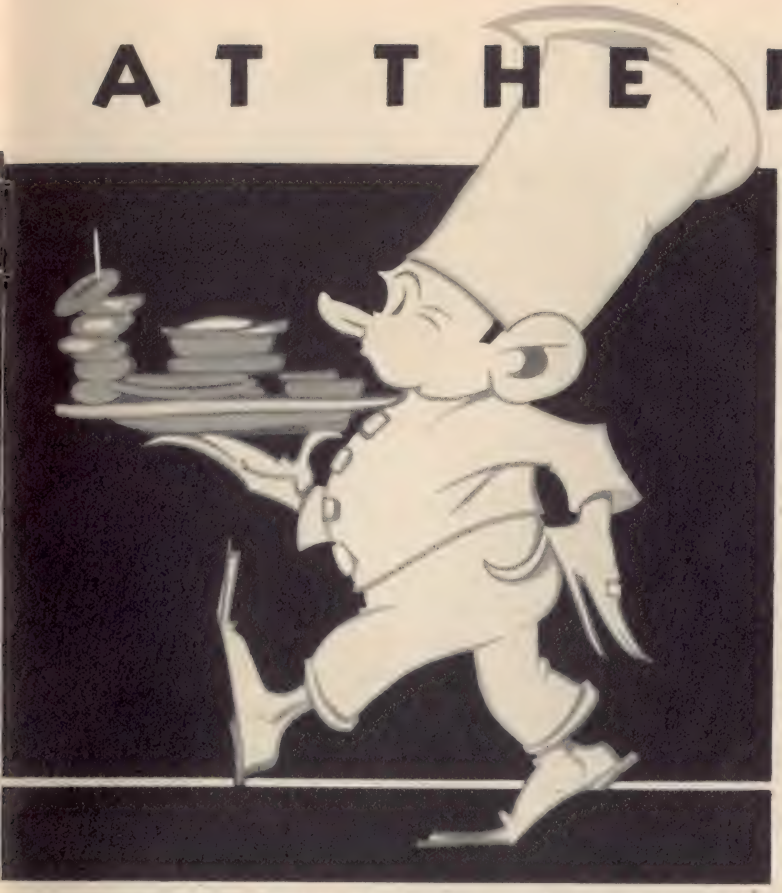
"All right, Mother," said Simon, "I don't mind, I'll have fun, just seeing things."

Well, off he went, happy as could be. Everyone seemed to be going to the fair. Now, you know how it is *now* at fairs and circuses? There are all kinds of good things to eat being sold! Well, it seemed to be just the same way on the way to that fair in Hampshire. Every step that Simon went, he grew hungrier.

Finally Simon met a pieman with a great tray of the most dee-licious looking pies and cookies and cake. Without thinking twice, Simon burst right out with a little song:

"Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, 'Let me taste your ware.'"

AT THE FAIR



Well, the Pieman thought that was very funny. How he did laugh: "Well, well," he said, "so you're a poet and a songster, are you? I don't believe anybody ever asked for a pie that way before. Kind of smart young fellow, aren't you? Well, now, here's a nice slice of apple pie. But hold on here. Heh, heh, I reckon two can play at this game of song. Now just you listen to this. 'Tisn't so bad if I do say so myself:

"*Says the Pieman to Simple Simon,*
'*Show me first your penny.*'

"Heh, heh, heh," laughed the Pieman, "don't rhyme, maybe, but sounds pretty good just the same."

"Well, I can *make* it rhyme for you, sir," answered Simon.

"That so, how's that?" said the Pieman.

"We----ell," said Simon, "if you'll let me have a piece of pie."

"Don't see why not," laughed the Pieman.

"All right, you sing the first part," said Simon, "and I'll finish it."

"Sure enough, that's easy," and so the Pieman sang:

"*Says the Pieman to Simple Simon*
'*Show me first your penny.*'"

—and Simon answered right away in a hurry, as he grabbed the pie:

"*Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,*
'*Kind sir, I haven't any!*'"

Then off down the road ran Simon as fast as he could go. "Hey!" said the Pieman, "I *meant* I'd give it to you if you paid for it."

But Simple Simon was out of sight, so he just sighed a great sigh: "Simple Simon, my hat," grumbled the Pieman, "they ought to call him 'Smart Simon' after the way he got my pie!"

And that boys and girls is the story of Simple Simon at the Fair.

OLD KING COLE

Once upon a time, oh—about six hundred years ago, there lived in a country across the sea, a good kind generous king. People loved him so much they used to sing a song about him:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

But there was only one verse to the song, and King Cole loved to hear it so much that he asked his three fiddlers if they couldn't write another. No one could—tho' all the poets in the land tried.

Finally, King Cole called all his people together and told them that anyone who could write another verse to that song, which he, the King would accept—could marry his daughter, the beautiful Princess Annabelle.

Naturally, everyone tried. All over the land people were singing and rhyming and trying to make a song that the King would like. Because every man wanted the beautiful Princess.

Most of all, Prince Moloch wanted to win. Not because he loved the Princess, but because he wanted to be King himself some day.

But he was a conceited man—and all he could think of was to sing about himself.

Now out in the fields was a happy, handsome man that all the people loved. They called him the "Beloved Shepherd"—but nobody knew his real name.

One day he saw the beautiful Princess as she rode by—and he said:

"Lucky is the man who can write that verse. The song that will win the daughter of the King. Princess Annabelle—there isn't another girl like her in the world. If only I could write a verse fine enough for Old King Cole. I—I'm going to try. Let—me—see.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

And every day as the "Beloved Shepherd" worked on that song, the King's herald shouted his proclamation throughout the land.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul–

Finally, the last day came when all the people had to sing their songs for King Cole to see who would marry the Princess.

All day long they listened to songs—till the conceited Prince Moloch strutted up. He always thought he was as good as the King—so he sang:

"Prince Moloch's a remarkable man,
A remarkable man is he,
Prince Moloch's a remarkable man,
A remarkable man is he."

No one liked that song, but as everyone was afraid of Prince Moloch they all clapped.

All except the "Beloved Shepherd." He stepped up to the King and said:

"Your Highness, I have traveled far to reach the castle before the hour of midnight. Ever since I saw the Princess Annabelle drive through the countryside, I have been in love with her. For days I have done nothing but write verses and sing them so I could come to you and try to win her hand. So now I will sing for you the verse I liked best of all. And he sang:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Everybody was amazed because he sang only the one verse and not another as the King had demanded. The bad Prince Moloch growled and started forward to arrest the good Shepherd.

But King Cole, who liked the brave Shepherd, waved him back and asked: "How now—what's this? I said to write another verse!"

"You see, your Highness," said the good Shepherd, "I have not changed your song. That is because no better verse could possibly be written."

"Excellent, my boy, excellent!" cried the King happily. "And now tell me. What is your name?"

" 'Beloved Shepherd,' they call me, your Highness, but that isn't my real name. I am a Prince, but I decided to look all over the world to find a girl I could love before I would tell my name. And when I saw Annabelle—I knew this country was where I wanted to live—and that your song and your daughter, the Princess, were the best in the world."

So Annabelle married the Prince and they lived happily ever after. And that is the story of Old King Cole's funny song.

The world's best-loved stories and songs

These are but a few of the delightful stories told over the radio by Kellogg's Singing Lady. She collects the best-loved stories and songs from all over the world—and brings them to you with many more of her own creation.

All of the Singing Lady's programs are carefully planned so as to be entertaining, constructive and restful to little children. Mothers, parent-teachers' associations and educators have rated this broadcast among the finest and best of all children's programs.

More than a million letters in one year from the little folks themselves come in from all over the globe.

The Kellogg Company is very proud and very happy to sponsor this program every day, except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WLW. Also over Station WGN at 5.30 P.M. Central Standard Time.

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The Singing Lady's program was planned according to the teaching of famous dietitians and child psychologists. They recommended that just before the evening meal, small children should come in from play and rest their active little bodies a few minutes.

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Many mothers let the Singing Lady entertain the children while they prepare the evening meal.

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The End

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Jerry Hall, he was so small,
A rat could eat him hat and all.